

A Southern Beauty Captivates New York Society

New

Society



A New Beauty from the South Excites the Admiration and the Curiosity of the Most Fashionable Circles of New York.

Many Southern Beauties Have Become Leaders of Fashion, and Society Is Now Asking, "What Will Miss Langhorne Do?"

Miss Phyllis Langhorne

A NEW beauty has dawned upon New York society. She is Miss Phyllis Langhorne, the latest recruit to society of a group of beautiful sisters, one of whom is Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson. She has just made her debut, and already she is the most brilliant figure of many fashionable gatherings.

Like several other distinguished beauties of society, Miss Langhorne comes from the South. The women of that region seem to be born rulers of men, and prove that great personal attractions are not incompatible with brains.

It would be a great though inspiring task to tell of all the Southern women who have led in the highest circles of New York society.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, one of the most brilliant figures of to-day, came from Mobile, Alabama. Before her first marriage she was a bosom friend of Miss Consuelo Yznaga, a supremely beautiful girl, who afterward married the Duke of Manchester. These two were twin Southern stars of New York's social firmament.

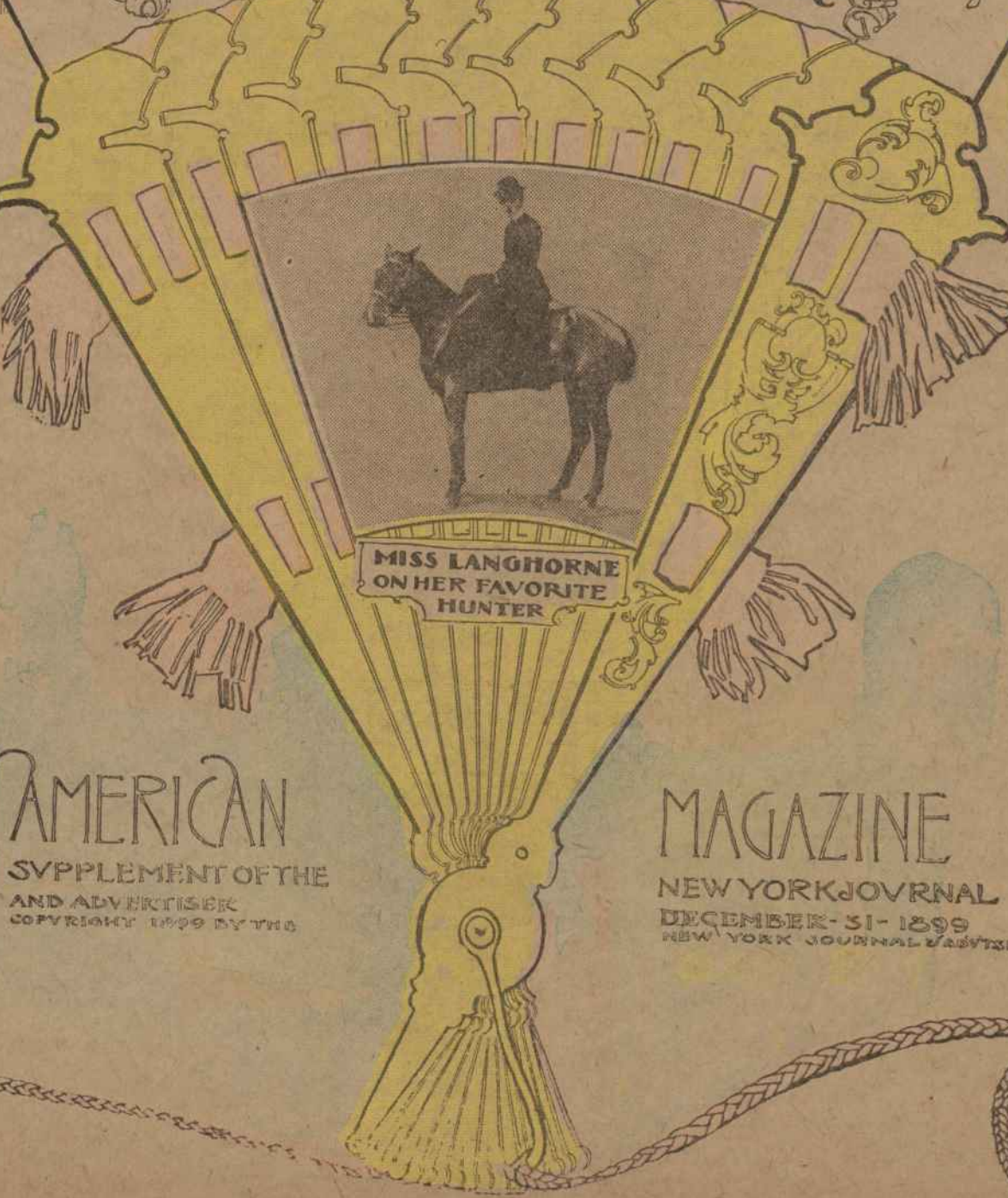
Mrs. R. T. Wilson, who is the greatest matchmaker in America, and, in a financial sense, in the world, also came from the South. The matches she has arranged ally her family to those of Astor, Golet and Vanderbilt.

Among the young matrons who are the leading element in the society of the day there is none more conspicuous than Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr. She, too, was a Southerner. She is also remarkably handsome. Although she is not very rich—indeed, is almost a pauper, according to the standards of some modern plutocrats—she is a very prominent figure in the Vanderbilt set.

There are many other young matrons of Southern birth who rival her in beauty and popularity. Among them are Mrs. Fred Gebhard, Mrs. Archie Pell and Mrs. Charles de Kay.

A very striking instance is that of Miss Vera Boorman. New York society was almost shocked to hear one day that Colonel John Jacob Astor had led the cotillon at the Patriarchs' ball with her. Louisville knew her as a great beauty, but New York had only heard of her remotely as a young person who had taken a prize in a rural beauty show. She did not delay taking the prize in the Metropolitan beauty show. She is now Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, and holds a very enviable position in society.

Such instances might be multiplied indefinitely. In view of the dazzling successes which these Southern women have attained in New York society it would not be rash to anticipate that Miss Phyllis Langhorne will before long be the central figure in an extremely interesting ceremony. Indeed, this is a



subject upon which gossips are speculating most industriously. Who will be the happy man?

Miss Langhorne is a modern incarnation of Di Vernon. She is as graceful on horseback as she is in the ball room.

She is of rather more than middle height, with a figure so finely proportioned that she appears commandingly tall. Her beauty is of the charming Irish type. She has deep, dark, violet blue eyes, shaded by long lashes. Her luxuriant hair is very dark, but not quite black. Her coloring is rich, vibrant and entirely admirable.

She is very vivacious in manner, with a humorous, jolly and good natured disposition. She is distinguished without affectation, dignified without haughtiness.

Before her debut she made a reputation for herself in the hunting field. She has a superb seat in the saddle, and is absolutely without fear. Her early experience was gained in Virginia, but recently she has graced the pink-coated parties that pursue the anise-seed bag on Long Island.

During one of the runs near Hempstead the other day Miss Langhorne's hat caught in the branches of a tree and was torn from her head. Regardless of this accident she continued the chase bareheaded, and came in first at the death, breathless and dishevelled, but beautiful. Not until long after the accident had subsided did she recollect her hat. Devotion to sport which will make a woman forget her hat must be tremendous, and is almost unheard of.

Down in Old Virginia she and her favorite hunter were familiar objects about the countryside near Richmond. She is as good a judge of horseflesh as she is a rider. Her thoroughness is shown in the fact that she looks after the grooming, the feeding and the general comfort of her horse. She actually polishes the bits and buckles of her bridles with her own hands.

Miss Phyllis Langhorne was born in Richmond, Va., in 1880. She is the fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Langhorne, formerly of Lynchburg, Va. They have now a beautiful country place, Mirador, in Albemarle County, where they live most of their time.

It was here that the children learned to ride and developed their love for horseflesh. They inherited it from their father, who is a noted horseman. He is also considered one of the best story tellers in Virginia. His after-dinner speeches are famous, and he is much sought after on that account. Some call him the Chauncey M. Depew of Virginia, and others say that he never tells

AMERICAN
SUPPLEMENT OF THE
AND ADVERTISER
COPYRIGHT 1899 BY THE

MAGAZINE
NEW YORK JOURNAL
DECEMBER 31-1899
NEW YORK JOURNAL PUBLISHER

(Continued on Page Twenty-seven.)

2293